

1st

A
S A T Y R
AGAINST
C O F F E E,

1679.

A Void, Satanick Tipple ! hence
Thou Murtherer of Farthings, and of Pence ;
And Midwife to all *false Intelligence* !

Avoid, I say, of Hell thou art,
For God no liquor doth to man impart,
But that which quenches *Thirst*, or chears the *Heart*.

Bak'd in a pan, *Brew'd* in a pot,
The third device of him who first begot
The Printing Libels, and the Powder-plot.

A *Swill* that needs must be accurst,
And of all sorts of Drink the very worst,
By which the *Devils Children* (*Lies*) are nursd.

Now if I fancy not amisse,
Vespasian, who impos'd Excise on Piss,
Would for no *smell of Lucre* suffer this.

The Sister of the common Sewer,
That passes through the Reins with Streams impure ;
That Robs the Vintner and undoes the Brewer.

For by this poor *Arabian Berry*,
Comes the Neglect of *Malago* and *Sherry*,
And *footy Surges* rise to *Charon's Ferry*.

The Sweat of *Negroes*, Blood of *Moore*s,
The Blot of *Sign-post*, and the Stain of *doors*,
And the last Shift of *Publicans* and *Whores*.

Give o're you *Whiffers* then ! enough ;
Convert your *Powder* into *Irish Snuff*,
And lay your *Lace* upon some richer *Stuff*.

Finis

SATUR

COFFEE

1800

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